READ THIS STORY TODAY--THEN SEE IT IN MOVING PICTURES

YOU may see this story acted in moving pictures this afternoon or evening or any afternoon or evening within the next two weeks. Cut it out and save it. It will be shown at your neighborhood theater sooner or later. By special arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, which represents the ten foremost American film-producing companies, The Washington Herald now offers its readers the unique opportunity of reading every morning a complete story which will be released throughout the United States in moving picture form on the same day. See the play today if you can. If you cannot, see it later. Frequent announcements will keep you posted as to where to go.

These stories, which appear only in The Herald, comprise the best of the picture plays produced in America. They are not hastily prepared outlines, but finished works of fiction, prepared in collaboration with the scenario writers weeks before the picture plays are released, and are well worth reading, whether you see the pictures or not.

THE HEART OF THE HILLS

The girl who had come to Pine Notch on a mission that had cost the lives of many men was crouching behind a rock and listening.

As she caught the significance of the conversation between the two men whom she had shadowed to the top of the wild hill, her pencil began to jab viciously at the pages of her little notebook. The mystery of Pine Notch, the mystery that men had given their lives to solve, was being unfolded before her, and if she could escape alive her task would be accomplished. But she had never imagined that it would be like this.

She felt as if each frantic jab at the pages of the notebook were stabbing something vital in her. Wally, the strong, big-hearted mountaineer the sort of man who wins woman by sheer mastery of mind and cave-man strength, the man-boy who one wild, moonlit night had blurted out his love for her in that blunt and impetuous fashion of his—Wally was just a common—

She groaned at the thought. She wished she had never accepted the mission; she felt tempted to snatch a shining trinket from the lining of her coat and kick it down an abyss.

The two men parted. Wally walked slowly down the hill. He seemed no longer the impetuous master, but a broken, skulking wretch who feared the light. She saw Brady watching him with cunning, shifty eyes, and she detected a gloating smile on his lips as he too walked away from the hill top that contained the solution to the mystery of Pine Notch.

She sat there a long time after the men had departed, her pale and tense child face, crowned by tumbling ringlets of black hair, tilted against her hands, her heart torn by the age-old struggle between love and duty. She must turn traitor to one or the other—there was no third alternative. She wished she had never entered the wild mountain region in search of evidence against the moonshiners. It was a man's business, this prying into illicit affairs of men, though the superintendent of the secret service division had told her she would have a better chance of success than the men whom he had sent to Pine Notch and who had never returned.

Her vagabond eyes, flitting over the rugged hills, caught a glimpse of an unkempt creature of the wilds who was watching her craftily and intently. She recognized Brady's daughter, and as their glances met and tangled a gloating, taunting smile crept into the face of the child of the hills, and then she ran away in the direction of the village. The girl had been her eavesdropping, of course, and she would hasten to tell her father, and there would be trouble—perhaps a repetition of the tragedy that had overtaken the others who had sought to solve the mystery of Pine Notch.

Nan Leshe didn't care. The revelation that Wally was no longer worthy of her love had strangled emotions within her. She walked back toward the cabin, wishing that it were not necessary for her to pass the home of Wally and his crippled brother. Wally was chopping wood in the yard, working with grim intentness of a man trying to forget tormenting thoughts in his labor. As Nan passed he dropped the axe and ran to greet her, but the girl avoided him, glimpsing in his face as she ran from him the hurt look of a wounded deer.

As she approached her cabin she met Phil, the cripple. There was an expression of patient suffering in his face that went to Nan's heart. He looked at her with the dumb, hopeless and all-sacrificing devotion of a dog. Nan knew he had worshiped her thus since her arrival in Pine Notch, and he had continued to worship her, in silence and despair, after Wally had won her. She knew Wally had given his brother all the love that a strong, rugged man can give the weaker, and it was this wonderful affection for a crippled brother that led her to trust, admire, and finally love Wally.

"How goes it, Phil?" she asked.

The cripple leaned on a crutch and smiled sadly into the girl's face.

"Pretty well. Wally reckons he can get a surgeon to cure me. You comfortable over there? Guess you know we'll do anything—"

"Thank you, Phil. Quite comfortable." The knowledge that she must send the brother of this cripple to the penitentiary stung her, and she hastened out of the range of his worshiping eyes.

She felt that furtive eyes of mountaineers were peering at her as she stepped into the cabin. Without doubt Brady's daughter had warned the moonshiners that the location of their still had been discovered, and during the night there would be an attack and she

Began to jab viciously at the pages of her little notebook.

probably would share the fate of the others who had gone as revenue spies into the mountain region. She felt no fear, but she bolted the door to spend the night seated in the chair.

She had been sleeping fitfully for a while when she awakened with a start. She heard stealthy footsteps and sullen murmurs about the cabin. The night was black, and a whining wind that penetrated the crevices in the shack made her shiver. And then, for the first time since she began to suspect that the moonshiners were aware of her mission, fear seized her.

There was an imperious rap at the door. Unheeding and listless Nan stared into the darkness of the cabin. The rap was repeated, louder and more commanding this time, and sharp, angry voices demanded that she open. Still she did not stir from her seat, for terror had numbed her senses. A rifle cracked outside and a bullet stung the wall. Another crack, and a leaden missile pierced the door and whizzed past her head. Then a succession of blows, and the frail door fell in.

In front of a group of men with sinister faces stood the daughter of Brady. She pointed an accusing finger at Nan.

"There's the sneaky little spy!" she sneered.

The men crowded into the room and by the light of a torch Brady's daughter found a lamp and lit it. The angry and determined faces of the men inspired Nan with dull terror.

"I told you she was a spy," cried the mountain girl, "and this shows it!" She had snatched Nan's coat from a peg and flashed the star of the secret service of the internal revenue department in their faces. "I caught her at it this mornin'—she was watchin' behind a rock while father and Wally was doin' business at the still, the dirty little spy!"

Nan made no denial. A man had elbowed his way through the crowd, and now he stared in speechless wonder at the star the Brady girl had displayed. He stepped up to Nan.

"So that explains why you wouldn't talk to me today, Nan?" he found time to whisper before the crowd made a rush for the girl. Wally drew his revolver, stepped in front of Nan, and faced the mob with a cool and determined air.

"The first man what touches this here lady will drop dead," he threatened. He glanced with a challenge into the sullen and angry faces of the men. No one moved. The sudden desertion of one of their numbers had startled them into indecision, and his expression told them his threat had not been made in vain.

He could feel Nan's hot, quick gasps of breath close to his neck. He lowered the revolver slightly and took a wallet from an inside pocket. With his free hand he extracted a roll of banknotes.

"Brady handed me this stuff," he grumbled. "I thought I needed it pretty bad, but I've changed my mind. Count it and divide it among you. Then get out."

He emphasized the command with a flourish of the pistol. The money was seized by eager hands, and then the men, grumbling and throwing menacing glances at Wally, shuffled from the room. At length the girl and the man were alone. He regarded her intently and with a pained expression.

"I sure was surprised when I saw that star," he exclaimed, "though I couldn't believe what you told me that first day about comin' here to open a dress makin' shop. Wall," fidgeting uneasily before her, "I s'pose you won't have any use for me after this."

The girl's glance faltered as she extended her hand. "Good-by, Wally," she sobbed brokenly.

He heaved a sigh as he stumbled from the room. Nan watched him through the window as he shuffled away, a crushed, broken man for whom life has lost all meaning. She sprinkled a few tears over her belongings as she packed her grips, and then started out over the hills.

But her steps faltered. She remembered the little cripple and his blind, hopeless devotion, and Wally's faithful guardianship over her since the day she had come to Pine Notch, little dreaming that the bitterest experience of her life awaited her there. And Wally had saved her life—a man like that could not be wholly bad, she argued with herself. Yet the evidence was in her notebook, and it was her duty to surrender it.

She would do her duty, of course, but life would be only an aching void after that. She knew it now; she had never known before what Wally had meant to her. She sat down her grips, took the star from her coat, and looked at it with imploring eyes that begged for mercy and release from the bounds of duty.

What was the use—duty was such a narrow, small thing, and love so big and tremendous. She retraced her steps and found Wally crouching dejectedly on a log. She stole up on him from behind and wound a pair of soft arms about his neck.

"Wally!" she murmured and handed him the star.

He looked at it as if he could scarcely believe his eyes. "Do you—do you mean it?" he stammered.

"Of course I do. I am through with it—through with it forever. Oh, Wally, I have just learned that life wouldn't mean anything without you."

He rose slowly, and then, with a new life force throbbing in his veins, he crushed her to him. "I meant to tell you somethin'," he whispered, "but it didn't seem exactly right before, while you was thinkin' I was unworthy of you and all that sort of thing. Maybe if you read this you'll understand."

He handed her a letter that bore the name of a famous surgeon of whom Nan had heard, and she read:

"I am convinced that an operation will cure your brother Phil, but it will be such a difficult and delicate one that I must ask you to mail me a certified check for $800 before I can accept the case."

"Brady had been after me for a long time, tryin' to make me join his gang," explained Wally. "When I got that letter I—I, well, I guess the temptation was too much for me. Guess I'm too soft-hearted—I thought there was nothin' I wouldn't do for Phil. You understand, don't you?" he added wistfully.

"Yes, you dear," Nan assured him. "It was your heart—the heart of the hills."

Friday's Story—"The Honeymooners."

(Copyright, 1914, by Henry Barrett Chamberlin.)

"Fantomas," Thrilling 4-reel Gaumont feature, today. Empress, 416 9th st. nw. —Adv.

"The first man that touches this lady will drop dead," Wally said.

HERALD'S FIGHT FOR DISTRICT INDORSED

Anacostia Citizens' Association Criticises Chairman Johnson and Others of House Committee.

The fight of The Washington Herald, to secure for the citizens a square deal in legislation affecting the District was indorsed by the Anacostia Citizens' Association at its meeting last night in its rooms in Nichols avenue. Representative Johnson, chairman of the House District Committee, and others of the committee were criticised severely by speakers who expressed an opinion that a change in the personnel of the committee would result in advantage to the residents of the District.

President Charles R. Burr named the members of the various standing committees. Maurice Otterback, chairman of the committee on streets and highways, reported that the item for the improvement of Nichols avenue through the suburb had been retained in the District bill by the Senate Committee. J. F. Earnshaw was appointed to secure two band concerts each month for Logan Park, in Anacostia, during the approaching season.

The fourth annual supper of the Garden Memorial Presbyterian Church was held yesterday afternoon and evening in the Anacostia Masonic Hall. Notwithstanding the bad weather several hundred persons attended. The proceeds will be used to further the church work.

The fact that the Commissioners have recommended adversely concerning the bill to build a bridge across the Anacostia River at Pennsylvania avenue, in place of the present structure, has given the citizens of Randle Highlands much cause for regret. The Randle Highlands Citizens' Association, however, intends to continue its effort to secure this bridge.

Ever Hear of Such Things?

Boston, March 11.—Charged with nonsuppor, Louis D. Martll testified that his wife was a confirmed poker player, often remaining out late to play and losing large sums of money. Mrs. Martell said hubby taught her the game and she never lost.

Yonkers, N. Y., March 11.—Miss Maud Allison rowed more than a mile across the ice-filled Hudson River from Alpino, N. J., to wed Albert G. Reichenbach, who met her on the shore.

Dunkirk, N. Y., March 11.—Because hunger has driven many wolves to the outskirts of the town, the schools have been closed and citizens carry rifles.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 11.—Samuel Keefer celebrated his 104th birthday by sawing nearly a cord of wood. He never used tobacco or liquor. His advice is, "shun doctors."

The returns from oil, ivory, and walrus hides are expected to make the venture highly profitable.

Forty-five electric mail wagons recently were put in service in Vienna after an exhaustive test lasting more than fifteen months.

DAILY SHORT STORY.

BY PARCEL POST.

By CATHERINE COOPER.

(Copyright, 1914.)

The perplexed frown that had puckered the young writer's brow vanished. His troubles, for the moment, were lessened by the sight of a small advertisement his eyes had discovered.

When four of his fraternity fellows had deposited themselves uninvited into Sneddon's apartment the young author could do nothing but bow to the inevitable and invite them all to dinner.

The dinner for these four men had been the source of Sneddon's worry. He could cook an egg or make a cup of tea for himself, but certainly fried eggs would not satisfy a hungry quartet of men.

Still, Sneddon was sufficiently proud of his cozy den to want his guests to enjoy it and not have to trail out to the nearest chop house.

Consequently the advertisement seemed to be the one thing in the world destined to cover the young man's predicament. He read again from the slip he had cut from the paper:

"Dinner, cooked, consisting of chicken, vegetables, pudding and cheese, &c., sent on short notice by parcel post. Sufficient for six, $3, including postage."

Sneddon beamed. Already his mouth watered in anticipation of the home-cooked dinner. Also he could be free to finish 3,000 words on his story before the boys came in from their trip to Broadway.

He scanned the advertisement for an address. Sneddon grinned a second time. There was a telephone. All he had to do was to call up and give his order.

When central rang the number for him and a feminine voice answered, Sneddon told her of his predicament. When he had told her his address she made a note of it.

"I can send your order around by 6:30," the voice over the telephone informed him. "Just heat everything up and if you enjoy my cooking please tell your friends about me. Thank you," she added and Sneddon put up the receiver.

Dinner being so wonderfully planned, he went joyfully to work on his story.

At 6 o'clock a large package arrived by parcel post. The four guests had not come in and Sneddon unpacked the appetizing basket.

He put the chicken immediately in the oven, also the potatoes. There was another vegetable, cranberry sauce, celery and a pumpkin pie that tempted Sneddon to sample it before his guests arrived.

He fell to wondering just what a girl looked like who had conceived so happy a way of earning her living. He remembered that her voice had rather appealed to him. He felt certain her cooking would do likewise.

Five hungry men sat down later and unanimously agreed that Sneddon possessed a marvel of a cook. They fancied the frilly pink ruffs that adorned the drumsticks and neck of the bird.

"Rather gay for a budding author," suggested MacLean.

"This pie is what mother used to make," commented Drake.

"This fancy cheese makes me think I am in the Knickerbocker," laughed Vale.

Sneddon only smiled.

"Where do you keep her?" questioned Drake. "You're a sly old fox. Is she black or white?"

"I rather think she is white," Sneddon said. "This entire dinner came by parcel post not half an hour before you chaps arrived." He passed the slip of paper around the table.

"By jove—what a ripping idea!" laughed MacLean.

"She's some girl!" nodded Drake.

"She can cook for me any time," said Vale. "What is the lady's telephone number?"

For some unaccountable reason Sneddon felt irritated because he had given away the secret of his well-cooked dinner, yet he realized that it would mean new business to the girl.

He pondered many times during the following days as to what she was like. His work was progressing well and in order to woo the mood of inspiration Sneddon remained closely confined to his apartment.

Rather than go out for meals he cooked whatever seemed handy. At the end of a week of strenuous writing he felt the need of more sustaining food than that in which he had been indulging.

Consequently, rather than break into his hours of work he called up H. Dean, the girl who had saved the situation for him when the fraternity boys appeared unexpectedly.

"I am a starving man," he said to her over the telephone. "What chance is there of my getting a good square meal soon?"

A laugh trailed over the wire.

"If you can exist for another hour I can prepare something," she told him.

It was under the sixty minutes allowed when Sneddon answered a light ring at his doorbell.

When he opened it he drew a swift breath of surprise. A most lovely vision in the way of a feminine beauty stood there. Her basket was swung carefully over one arm.

"I brought your dinner myself," she told Sneddon, "because the parcel post would have taken longer." She handed her daintily packed basket to Sneddon. The color of wild roses seemed to live in her cheeks. In her eyes were the sparkle of health and friendship for the world in general.

"You have saved my life," was all Sneddon could think of by way of conversation.

"The things will be scarcely cold," the girl said and turned to go.

Sneddon rang the elevator bell for her and could not remember having felt more of an idiot as he watched the fair vision descend from his sight.

Never had a simple meal tasted so wonderful. Throughout his time for devouring it Sneddon's mind was in a haze. The flower that lay decoratively across the basket was now in the lapel of his house coat. Somehow he found it as difficult to forget the wild roses in the girl's cheeks as it had been to forget the music of her voice.

Suddenly inspiration seized him. He dashed to the telephone.

When the girl's voice came to him again Sneddon said: "I am a new being since that dinner, Miss Dean. I am wondering if you will let me come over and interview you for my paper—your unique line of work will make a splendid story."

It was more than a pity that Sneddon had not eyes with which to glance along the telephone wire. A radiant smile and exquisite blush were wasted.

"It would rather help my business—would it not?" she inquired.

"To say nothing of my career," Sneddon told her. "Would this evening suit you?"

Six weeks later four fraternity fellows received messages from Sneddon.

"Come down Friday and have dinner with Mrs. Sneddon and me," was what the telegram read.

DYNAMITER IN JAIL.

Leavenworth, Tex., Mar. 11.—Ed Smythe of Peoria, Ill., one of the convicted dynamiters for whom a new trial was denied, walked into the Federal prison unaccompanied today and said he wanted to serve out his sentence. Smythe was sentenced to three years. He is the first of the twenty-three ironworkers to return.

JOHN L. CADWALADER DEAD.

New York, March 11.—John Lambert Caldwalader, of the law firm of Strong & Cadwalader, president of the Association of the Bar of New York City, and one time Assistant Secretary of State under Hamilton Fish, died at his home here this afternoon. He had been ill for some time. He was 76 years old.

THE WAR DAY BY DAY

Fifty Years Ago.

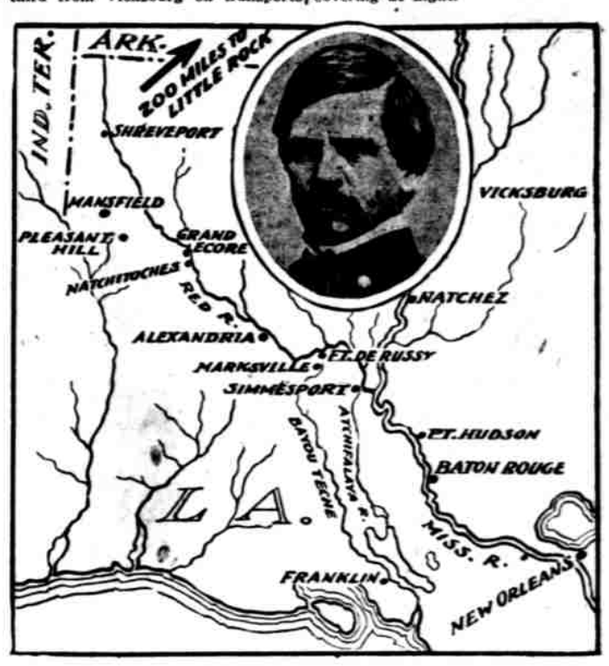
March 12, 1864—Federal Army Transports and Twenty Ironclads Entered the Red and Atchafalaya Rivers, Louisiana, and Troops Under Gen. Andrew J. Smith Prepared to Land at Simsport—Opening of Red River Campaign.

(Written expressly for The Herald.)

Fifty years ago today a combined military and naval flotilla, composed of 15 Army transports bearing 9,000 troops from Vicksburg, under Gen. Andrew Jackson Smith, 20 gunboats under Admiral David D. Porter and four vessels of Ellet's ram fleet, entered the Red and Atchafalya River, La., and the men under Gen. Smith prepared to land at Simsport.

This was the opening movement of the Red River campaign, the preparation of which for months had occupied the attention of the authorities at Washington and the principal commanders of the Mississippi Valley.

Three Federal forces were to enter the Red River country—one from the south, under Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, who was to be in chief command of the expedition, another from Arkansas, to the north, under Gen. Frederick Steele, and the third from Vicksburg on transports



SCENE OF THE OPERATIONS IN THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN, AND GEN. N. P. BANKS, THE FEDERAL COMMANDER.
(Map based on the Official Atlas; photo from the War Department collection.)

by way of the Mississippi and Red Rivers. The later force was that which opened the campaign by coming into position at Simsport on the Atchafalaya River.

Only those familiar with the Red River and the neighboring country could appreciate the difficulties of military operations in that territory.

The stream itself was, according to Admiral Porter, "One of the most uncertain in the South, sometimes most turbulent, and again running along so mildly that it seemed to have no life in it at all." The Admiral found there was "no counting upon it, according to the rules which govern other streams," and that "when you would bet your all that there would be a rise, ten to one the water would be lower than ever."

Gen. Sherman, who immediately prior to the war had been principal of a military academy near Alexandria and who thought he knew the vagaries of the Red River, had informed Gen. Banks and Admiral Porter that the most difficult reaches of the river would be navigable for ironclads in March and April. Events were to prove his judgment wrong.

The country through which the stream turns and twists resembles that adjacent to the Yazoo River rather than that along the Mississippi. It is heavily timbered and cut up by innumerable swamp lands that make travel extremely difficult.

The Expedition Starts.

Into this region the Federal flotilla steamed slowly. The river was extremely low, and the heavy vessels of Admiral Porter's fleet found little room to spare in crossing the bar at its mouth. Its waters, which had been dyed a deep red by mud washed away from the banks—a condition which gave the river its appropriate name—were set foaming as the thirty-nine vessels churned inland.

A few miles above the junction of the Atchafalaya and Red Rivers the Confederates had erected on the latter a strong work called Fort De Russy. It was known as the "Red River Gibraltar," and together with a formidable log obstruction a few miles below it was considered capable of blocking the stream to navigation.

It was determined in a conference between Gen. Smith and Admiral Porter that the army should co-operate with the navy in its reduction. Gen. Smith's force was to land at Simsport and attack the Confederates in the rear while the gunboats attempted to break down the obstructions and bombard the fort. Part of the gunboat fleet turned up the Red River while the remainder moved down the Atchafalaya in company with the transports.

Late in the afternoon the vessels cast anchor opposite Simsport. The place was a grouping of black ruins and gaunt chimneys—all that had been left by the Federals in previous visits. Two of the Ellets, Charles R. and John A., cousins, had contributed to the destruction of the place. Charles, in the Federal ram Queen of the West, had been fired upon from Simsport in 1862 and had burned the town in retaliation. His vessel afterward was captured under the guns of Fort De Russy. Later, during the Vicksburg operations, John Ellet came into command of the ram fleet when his cousin took command of the marines, and he also had gone to Simsport and had completed the work his relation had begun.

The low-lying sun, great and round, lighted up the scene and offset the gloomy aspect of the ruined town as the fleet swung at anchor—the grim and somber ironclads contrasting strongly with the more delicate river steamers, the fantastic black and whites stripes of Admiral Porter's flagship Black Hawk standing out prominently in the sunlight and the puny little steam tugs shooting to and fro with their dispatches, puffing and wheezing like strange river monsters.

Gen. Smith and His Men.

The character of the troops which Gen. Sherman had detached for the Red River enterprise, and the character of their leader, Gen. Smith, as well, is of particular interest because of the differences which later arose between them and the other troops and officers of the expedition.

Admiral Porter, in his "Anecdotes of the civil war," describes the appearance of Gen. Smith's men when they arrived at the Red River from Vicksburg. They had just returned from a long march across Mississippi to Meridian. Their clothes were worn and faded and their shoes dilapidated. After they landed they were not allowed tents, although there were plenty on board the transports. Blankets—none too heavy—were the usual covering at night.

"I recollect," Admiral Porter wrote, "hearing Smith denounce some officer as a 'Miss Nancy kind of a fellow' because he slept under a shelter tent, a thin piece of canvas about the size of a bandanna handkerchief."

Admiral Porter declared that Gen. Smith had only two wagons for his whole command of 9,000 men. Smith said wagons demoralized an army more than tents did.

One morning Gen. Smith visited Admiral Porter on board ship. He had come to get a pair of leg-irons to use in punishing one of his command, a hospital steward whom he had found "sleeping out under a tree on a camp cot." The act, declared the general, was atrocious.

The admiral laughingly declared that such an offense certainly deserved great punishment, but that perhaps leg-irons were not quite necessary. Gen. Smith agreed to let the man go, with a proviso that he would "shoot him the next time."

Gen. Smith's men were inured to hardships and well able to take care of themselves. Frequently they fared well at the expense of the neighborhood and the newspaper correspondents often found occasion to mention the havoc they created while on the march.

"A spirit of destruction and wanton ferocity seems to have seized upon many of them," wrote one correspondent.

'At Red River Landing they robbed a house of several thousand dollars in specie and then fired the house to conceal their crime. At Simsport a party of them stole out and robbed and insulted a family two miles distant. In fact, unless checked by summary example, there is danger of our whole noble army degenerating into a band of cut-throats and robbers. I am glad to say that Gen. Smith is disposed to punish all offenders severely."

(The Red River campaign will be further described March 14.)

Tomorrow—Germans in the War.

(Copyright, 1914.)

YOU CAN'T BRUSH OR WASH OUT DANDRUFF

The Simplest and Quickest Way Is to Dissolve It.

The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

Do this tonight, and by morning most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop at once, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky, and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

If you want to preserve your hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for nothing destroys the hair more quickly. It not only starves the hair and makes it fall out, but it makes it stringy, straggly, dull, dry, brittle, and lifeless, and every one notices it. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and never fails to do the work.

QUIZ!

NEXT SUNDAY IN THE HERALD